

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Out, and in the river is winding,
The links of its long, red chain,
Through belts of dusky pine land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboines!

Drearly blows the north wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild geese?
Is it the Indian's yell
That lends to the voice of the north wind
The tune of a far-off fell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north winds blow;
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts as oarsmen row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore;
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar.

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release,
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace!

CHICHESTER AND ITS ART TREASURES.

A pleasant journey by rail through the beautiful counties of Surrey and Sussex, and the visitor will find himself at the ancient city of Chichester. Unless with other arrangements, say at "the Dolphin," a quaint old hotel (it might be considered "treason" to call it by the far better title of "inn"), which in itself is a kind of modern antiquity, perhaps a couple of hundred years old, where the traveler will find comfort and is not sacrificed to the requirements of fashion. The city itself abounds with art objects of interest, and the visitor must be hard to please indeed, be he archaeologist, artist, or man of letters, who cannot find much to interest and delight him. The plan of the city is amusing in its simplicity—four principal streets, named after the cardinal points of the compass, converging to a common centre, where stands the market cross. This design possibly arose from the necessity of the citizens to assemble readily, and get free egress to repel the attacks of the Danes. Those freebooting gentry, chroniclers of the period relate, were in the habit of making periodical, and more free than welcome visits, in order to rob the inhabitants of such worldly goods as their thrift and industry had enabled them to acquire. It is refreshing to learn that at least on one occasion the ocean bandits had a wholesome lesson taught them, for making one of such visits on their return from attacking Exeter, the men of Chichester, stung by the recollection of their many wrongs, sallied out, and falling upon the invaders with a will, destroyed them literally with a wholesale slaughter. Part of the city walls still remain, and are pleasant for a promenade under the trees which have been planted there; but the four gates, which formed the termini of the streets alluded to, have been swept away. Upon the evidence of the Roman occupation of the district, in the remains of the encampment of Flavius Vespasian near the city and other like curiosities, we cannot stay to comment, but may briefly refer to what may be taken as objects of leading art interest in the city.

The cathedral, without any particular claims to notice on the score of magnitude, is of singularly just and beautiful proportions, and was completed by Bishop Ralph in the early part of the twelfth century. It is of mixed architecture, Norman, Early, and Decorated, English, whilst the latest addition is that by Sir Gilbert Scott, who, when the tower and spire suddenly telescoped into the choir about twenty years ago, was employed to restore those important portions of the edifice. As regards Sir Gilbert's restoration, however, we cannot help thinking that the spire appears in some way to have lost its height and beautiful, tapering, symmetry. The cathedral has suffered a good deal from the iconoclastic propensities of Cromwell's followers, who not only defaced all the monuments and stole the brasses, but battered down one of the two towers at the west or principal entrance, when the city was besieged in 1642 by the Parliamentarian general Sir William Waller, and the tower, never having been restored, gives the edifice a rather lopsided appearance as seen from the west. That same doughty knight Waller appears, by the bye, to have been but a turncoat after all, for, honoured and knighted by his royal master, Charles I., he afterwards deserted his cause and fought for the Protector. The more interesting portions of the interior of the cathedral are, we fancy, the presbytery, which has some beautiful Purbeck marble columns, and a collection of curious relics—pastoral staves, chalices, patens, and rings, discovered, we believe, in the bishops' tombs; two large paintings said to be the work of Theodore

Bernard of Amsterdam, but which are more interesting as records of costume and of the manners of the times to which they are referable, than valuable as works of art, and a curious old chamber about the south porch, where it is said, heretics or Lollards were formerly tried. The judge's chair is still preserved, with the wand of office; and at the back of the chair is a sliding panel, concealing a great oaken door, leading to a dark and dismal room, where the contumacious heretics were confined. No one should leave the church without glancing from the chancel down the nave towards the west entrance—a view, to our thinking, fully realising the solemn grandeur of the design of the cathedral. Round the edifice at intervals may be traced remains of fine Norman windows, mostly blocked up; and on the south side, near the western entrance, is a most beautiful doorway, also blocked up. The bishop's palace is close to the cathedral, but is, we cannot help thinking, of but secondary interest, much of the building being modern; and an otherwise fine dining room spoiled by a ceiling painted in detestable taste. Here, however, the visitor may light upon something to interest him in the bishop's private chapel, and in a large, curious old room, the roof of which is supported by massive wooden beams, the place being now used as a wash-room or laundry.

The campanile, or bell tower, stands away from the cathedral, a few paces on the north. It is a square tower, a hundred and twenty feet high, with walls of amazing thickness. The peal of bells is musical, but let the visitor beware before venturing, as we did, to ascertain by practical illustration, when standing close to the bells, what a hammer striking a hundred and forty pounds upon a bell weighing seventy-three hundredweight really means. This grand old tower has stood the ravages of time, tempest, and the ruin wrought by war, for something like seven or eight hundred centuries, and the view of the surrounding country from the summit, the sea, Isle of Wight, distant towns, and neighbouring hamlets and villages, is perfectly delightful.

The cross in the centre of the city is an object of such exceptional elegance and beauty, that we may perhaps be permitted a short description. Built, it is said, by Bishop Storey about the year 1500, it is an octagonal structure in the Decorated style of English architecture, at each angle being a buttment, surmounted with pinnacles. At each face is an entrance through a pointed arch, ornamented with crockets and a finial. In the centre of the cross is a pillar, round the base being a seat; and in the upper part a number of groinings spread from the centre, and form a moulded roof. The pillar, continuing through the roof, is supported on the exterior by flying buttresses, resting on the corners of the building. Above the arches are niches, formerly containing effigies of the bishops and St. George, but these Cromwell's destructive followers tore down, leaving only escutcheons with arms of Henry VII. and Bishop Storey. Additions, but scarcely improvements from an artistic point of view, are a bronze bust of Charles I. placed in one of the niches, and a clock facing four ways, given by a lady in 1724. This lovely Gothic structure it has been proposed, we were informed, to remove; but, happily, the good taste of those having influence in the matter has hitherto succeeded in averting an act of vandalism little less barbarous than the fanatical acts of destruction of which the followers of the Protector were guilty. It would, indeed, be matter for regret if this exquisite architectural relic of bygone ages were, from some utilitarian object, to be swept away. It records more pathetically than in words the earnest piety which found expression in outward forms of the highest artistic beauty, and at the same time bears witness to the fiercer passions which, under the name of religion, have aroused the destroying temper in man.

The Guildhall is a curious relic of feudal times, said to be part of a castle built by Roger de Montgomerie, Earl of Chichester. The castle afterwards became a convent of Grey Friars, and then Henry VIII. gave the convent to the mayor and corporation, who kept the chapel—all that now remains of the structure—for their Guildhall. It looks now as if it was a lecture hall, and used for even less dignified purpose, as a receptacle for tools required in the park wherein the building stands. We have now indicated a very few of the numerous objects of interest in the city, and must leave to the visitor places like the curious old crypt, now utilised by one Gatehouse, a brewer, as a cellar for his stores, the Canon, and other gates of Roman and Norman origin, and many spots in the vicinity of the city, suggesting fortifications by the Romans, Danes, and Saxons, in the more troublous times of the early history of the district.

As many readily be supposed, Chichester has not been without its great, good, and famous men. Some of the long list of prelates have been men of exalted piety and great talent. The Archbishop of Canterbury, William Juxon, who accompanied Charles I. to the scaffold, was born and died here. The bones of William Chillingworth, the eminent seventh century divine and controversialist, lie in the cloisters of the cathedral. William Collins, the poet, was born and buried here, as also was the case with the brothers William, George, and John Smith, the landscape painters. This list might, of course, be multiplied, but we have perhaps given a sufficient indication of the valuable artistic and other associations of the good old city of Chichester.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Oct. 27.

A NEWSPAPER called *l'Anti-Prussien*, with which it was attempted to get up hostile demonstrations towards Germany, it having been hawked in the streets by criers, was seized and suspended by order of the new Minister of War, General Campenon, but is out again as before.

THE *Gazetta Livornese* says that it knows from reliable sources that steps are being taken to establish the naval station for the American squadron in the Mediterranean at Leghorn. This is a pleasant fact for the visitors there, as the American officers always contribute greatly to the amusement and hospitality of the locality off which they are anchored.

MILLE MATHILDE FAIDHERBE, daughter of the Grand-Councillor of the Legion of Honor, is shortly to be married to Lieutenant Brassard, a distinguished French officer, who is well known through having been a member of various scientific missions, principally the Flatters mission to the interior of Sahara, of which he has published a very interesting account.

CERTAIN English papers have lately been remarking upon the eagerness with which ultra-fashionable people in France follow many English fashions and endeavor to conform in general to English manners. This French admiration for certain aspects of English life is not new, and has existed more or less prominently during the past fifty years; but now that the French aristocracy no longer has the social preponderance which it once possessed, it is only natural that it should turn still more readily to high life in England.

AMONG the priests just arrived at Rome is a Swiss, who placed a new crown of the Madonna of Lourdes at the feet of the Pope. The priest guarantees the efficacy of the water contained in it to all the believers who use it with faith and devotion. The crown consists of small balls made of india rubber, filled with the water. If any of it be required the balls have to be punctured. The water dripping out and used internally is considered highly useful against malaria and a powerful tonic. Used externally it is a specific against skin disease and scurvy. The water, according to the priest, has acquired these properties by the daily prayers of the faithful to the Madonna.

SEVERAL of the time-honored mansions of the Faubourg Saint-Germain have of late years disappeared, and the noble district is gradually losing its ancient character. In a few weeks more another celebrated edifice, the family mansion of the Ollivier Larocheville family at No. 73, Rue de Lille, will have disappeared, as it has already been attacked by the demolishing pickaxe. Its fine garden is no more, and the space occupied by this stately dwelling and its grounds, is to be taken up by houses of the modern type, which are such eyesores to lovers of the picturesque and so fatal to historical associations. Paris by the end of this century will contain hardly one of the magnificent old hotels, and will be entirely filled with structures in the bastard Italian style, such as now line nearly all the streets.

THE recent anti-Spanish demonstration in Paris is likely to strike a severe blow at Parisian tradesmen, as far as the German aristocracy is concerned. Hitherto the Parisians do not seem to have despised the money of the hated *Prussiens*; on all occasions of state or grand gala, including that of the famous silver wedding, large orders for dresses, &c., were sent to Paris. One of the noted instances of this kind was an order for a gold-brocade dress, given by Countess von der Assenburg, who paid upwards of 7,000 francs for that article of luxury, in which her portrait will be handed down to posterity. That lady, one of the leaders of fashion in Berlin Court circles, is said to have furnished Paris dresses; she will continue herself henceforth to home industry—an example which is likely to be largely followed.

FASHIONABLE life in Rome has not yet begun again, and no large receptions have yet been given. As the weather continues fine, the rich are in no hurry to return to the capital, and the country houses near Rome are still peopled with the nobility and the wealthy. Foreigners, too, are in small numbers at present, and the theatres are by no means crowded. We learn that Don Leopoldo Torlonia has been requested to supply the funds necessary for the opening of the Apollo Theatre next winter. But at present there is little hope of seeing this request granted. Many Romans consider it a disgrace that the capital of Italy should not have an opera to offer the strangers who spend the winter in Rome. Every winter testifies to the popular recognition of Rome as a healthy winter resort by the increased number of guests within its gates. Compared with Paris and any winter residence in Europe, Rome, now more than ever, presents what the poet Pope put in his celebrated two lines and three words:

"Reason's whole pleasure—all joys of sense—
Life in three words: health, power, competence."

The enthusiasts for the Eternal City maintain that Rome is the healthiest winter resort in the world.

THE rage for exhibitions is on the increase. We have had the Fisheries in London, the International in Amsterdam, the Hygienic in Berlin, the National in Zurich, and the Electric in Vienna; in Nice one is about to be opened, and we hear of another in Biarritz, and last but not least, the Grand National in Turin. This latter one will be of an especial interest to the friends of Italy, as it will amply illustrate the rapid strides that country is making in its efforts to attain a great position in the world's markets. Many improvements and arrangements have been made, which are sure to add to the attractiveness of the exhibition, and perhaps the Alto-Italian Railway Company will be good enough to bestir itself, awake from its sluggishness, keep time, and have an eye upon its servants. The grounds and buildings of the exhibition will be kept open late at night, and be lighted by the different systems of electric light. Practically, there will be a comparison between the different systems of lighting, at the same time that the buildings will become fairy-like in aspect. All goods destined for this exhibition are to be admitted into Italy free of duty, and continue till one month after closing. The greatest facilities will be given to exhibitors with regard to the guarantee they have to furnish to the Custom House, and as the committee vouches to the Government for the re-exportation (or the dues on the goods sold and remaining in Italy, the terms ought to attract many exhibitors. The motive power for the machinery of exhibitors in the international electric section will be given free of charge.

VARIETIES.

A DESIGN by the painter Prudhon, who is represented at the Louvre by the pictures of "Eudymion" and "Justice Pursuing Crime," has recently been acquired by the Carnavalet Museum. It represents the courtyard of the Bastille immediately after it had been broken into by the insurgents, with the government in the midst of a group of murderers ready to take his life, while other incidents of disorder and crime are reproduced. Three allegorical figures, representing the deities of vengeance, appear in the sky, and the whole composition is full of movement and energy.

JUVENIS MILLER is seemingly indefatigable in his literary labors. During the past summer he has written four plays, all of which have been accepted and will soon be placed upon the stage. In addition to these, his contributions to the press have been uninterrupted and constant. Mr. Miller has recently purchased a very desirable building site in Washington, on which it is said he proposes to erect a unique residence, thoroughly aesthetic, in style combining like the most approved old-fashioned log-cabin that imagination can picture, and yet supplied with all modern conveniences and luxuries in its appointments and furnishings.

THE question whether green or blue is the national color of Ireland has again come up for discussion, although it was long since determined by archaeologists in favor of blue. Ireland, prior to the English invasion, was divided in petty principalities, each of which had its distinctive color like the clans in Scotland at a later period. Saffron was a favorite color for Irish dress, and the most obtuse would perceive that green could not harmonize with it so well as blue or crimson. It is the opinion of Sir Bernard Burke, the present Ulster King-of-Arms, that prior to the Anglo-Norman invasion there was not any one color or banner adopted for Ireland at large; that none such is traceable in the old Celtic records or authorities now handed down by tradition, and none found mentioned in history; and Sir Bernard Burke says he is equally certain that since the introduction of English rule the national color established by and derived from the national arms has been invariably blue. The field in the royal achievement which denotes Ireland is blue, and the color adopted for the Knights of St. Patrick is blue. Indeed, it may be doubted whether green was much in use before the revolutionary movements of the last century.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I
Could not move!
I shrunk!
From 228 lbs., to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.

How to GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered three words—Take Hop Bitters!